

Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart, and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men.

Bring me the Minister of the Gospel, and I will defile the purity of the Church and make the name of religion to stink in the land.

Bring me the Lawyer and the Judge, and I will pervert justice, break up the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of Law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Awaiting your reply, I am, yours truly,

A RUMSELLER.

REPLY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits, and of the great work we are both engaged in.

I most cordially accept your proposals.

For five thousand years I sought in vain for a man so fully after my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of Hell for spirits who could do for me the whole work of destruction. But little success attended their efforts.

I sent the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousands, most generally the helpless and the innocent. But his mission was a failure.

I bade my servant Lust go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroying virtue, wrecking happiness, blasting character, and causing untimely deaths and dishonoured graves. But even then many of the victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy.

I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound, but men soon learned to hate him for his meanness, and comparatively few fell by him.

The twin brothers Pestilence and War went forth, and Famine stole behind them, but these slew indiscriminately the old and the young, men, women and children, the good as well as the bad, and Heaven gained as many accessions as Hell.

In sadness my Satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my crown and kingdom, as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the Gospel of Christ was making in saving from my clutches. But when I received

your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of Hell rang again, "Eureka! eureka!! I have found him!!!! I have found him!!!!!"

My dear friend, I could have embraced you a thousand times, and I have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable seat in my kingdom. In you are combined all the qualifications of just such a friend and partner as I have long wished for, and in your business are all the elements of success. Now shall my throne be established for ever. Only carry out your designs and you shall have money, though it be wrung from the broken hearts of helpless women, and from the mouths of innocent, perishing children. Though you fill the jails, workhouses and poor-houses, though you crowd the insane asylums, though you make murder, incest and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city, you shall have money.

I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though men and women, your victims, shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to me your works shall produce you a reward forever.

Yours to the very last,

LUCIFER.

YOUNG MAN !

BEAR IN MIND

THAT **YOU** ARE

INVITED

TO COME TO THE ROOMS OF THIS
ASSOCIATION,

Whenever you like, and that
you will be cordially wel-
comed, whether you are
a member or not.